FEBRUARY 1923

THE CRISIS

"I AM BLACK
BUT COMELY,
O, YE DAUGHTERS
OF JERUSALEM."

FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

Praise from the Fatherland

Application of the Southern Aid Superior Service 6,000 Miles Away—and at Home.

Society's Building, Danville, Va.

FROM AFRICA

Monrovia, Liberia,
August 17, 1924.

Mr. J. O. West, Dist. Supt.
527A N. Second Street
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

Many, many thanks to you all for remembering me, though being far, far away across the briny ocean, 6000 miles from home and friends. This certainly proves the worth of your organization and I hope you may always have a large number enrolled.

In sending money, since you cannot get Post Office money order for this place, and it costs us so much to get the draft, please send in one bill, in a registered letter and ask for a return receipt at the Post Office. They will send the receipt from here on receipt of letter.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) RACHEL T. BOONE.

AT HOME

On Sept. 15, 1924, the SOCIETY took over the personnel and business of the People's United Beneficial Association of Virginia at Berkley-Norfolk, Va. Thus the policyholders of this Association will, from now on, enjoy the Superior Service which the SOCIETY extends to its policyholders and, in a larger sense, to our race group in general.

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, Inc.

Home Office: 527-29 N. 2nd St., Richmond, Va.

Insures Against Sickness, Accident and Death

Operating in State of Virginia and District of Columbia.

THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 29 No. 4 FEBRUARY, 1925 Whole No. 172

COVER Page
Drawing. Harry Gottlieb.
DRAWINGS. Yolande DuBois.
OPINION
"Fratres and Sorors"; "Gifts and Education"; "Sudan"; "Who Checked Lynching"; "The White Primary" 151
ILLUSTRATIONS
69 Fifth Avenue 153
N. A. A. C. P. Offices 155
CRISIS Offices 157
The Burden Bearers 169
SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR. Reminiscences. Gwendolen Coleridge-Taylor Dashwood. Illustrated 158
"THIS WAY TO THE FLEA MARKET." Jessie Fauset 161
PLAY-WRITING. Mark Seyboldt 164
NIGHT RAIN. A Poem. Countée Cullen 165
THE BEWITCHED SWORD. A Story. Ola Calhoun Morehead. Illustrated 166
THE POPPY FLOWER. A Poem. Langston Hughes 167
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE 168
FOOT BALL IN NEGRO COLLEGES IN 1924. Paul W. L. Jones. Illustrated 171
FANNY GARRISON VILLARD. A Poem. Margaret Loring Thomas 173
THE HORIZON. Illustrated 174
THE LOOKING GLASS 180

THE MARCH CRISIS

Mabed, Negro Musician, by Maud Cuney Hare; Burutu Moon, by Langston Hughes; "All God's Chillun Got Eyes", by E. Franklin Frazier. The enlarged CRISIS with three-color cover begins in May. Remember our $600 prizes.

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY; ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EXTRA

RENEWALS: The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due, a blue renewal blank is enclosed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: The address of a subscriber can be changed as often as desired. In ordering a change of address, both the old and the new address must be given. Two weeks' notice is required.

MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be mailed carefully to the sender but we assume no responsibility.

Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PAINE COLLEGE

AUGUSTA, GA.

STANDARD COLLEGE COURSES

Approved Two-Year Normal Accredited Senior High School
Up-to-Date Junior High School

"To develop leaders you must have the best possible equipment for literary training and that is what we are striving for at Paine College", said one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This Church contributes largely to the support of Paine College.

A Good School at Reasonable Rates

For further information, address

RAY S. TOMLIN, President,
PAINE COLLEGE.

Virginia Union University

is now a Class A College

Excellent courses are offered in College as well as in Theology and in High School Work. The summer session is for college students only.

For full information address the President at Richmond, Virginia.

Lincoln University

Pioneer in Collegiate and Theological Education

Accredited by the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland.

Lincoln Graduates are Leaders in the various professions and in all parts of the country.

Address:

The Dean of the University
LINCOLN UNIVERSITY
CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

School of High Standards and a Rigorous Pace

WILEY COLLEGE

Marshall, Texas

Recognized as a Class "A" College by Standardizing Agencies. Has operated on the basis of four quarters a year since June, 1921. Graduation in June and August. Entrance any quarter. Leading colleges and universities represented on its faculty. More than two hundred and fifty enrolled in college department. $35,000 invested in scientific laboratory and library research equipment. Due prominence given to music and to wholesome athletics.

M. W. DOGAN, President.

THE CHEYNEY TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS

Cheyney, Pa.

A Pennsylvania State Normal School offering, in addition to the regular Normal Course of two years, professional three year courses in Home Economics and Shop Work. A diploma from any of these courses makes a graduate eligible to teach in the public schools of Pennsylvania. Courses are offered to enable students to make up high school entrance requirements. For further particulars and catalog, write

LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL, Principal
Cheyney, Pa.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

THE CRISIS

Vol. 29 No. 4 FEBRUARY, 1925 Whole No. 172

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

FRATRES AND SORORS

THE sight of the colored Fraternity men and Sorority women meeting in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and St. Louis during the Christmas holidays was beyond words heartening. Their earnestness and enthusiasm, their numbers and their physical beauty were a tremendous inspiration. Here is a force which black America does not yet realize and of which white America is profoundly and blissfully ignorant. But it is a force to be reckoned with. It is pushing black boys and girls into colleges. It is encouraging graduate study as was shown when one Sorority raised a scholarship of one thousand dollars and gave it to a brown girl by the hand of Dorothy Canfield who graciously kissed the little lady's cheek; this movement is guiding men to careers, rewarding conspicuous merit and always fighting, fighting, fighting for opportunity and right.

GIFTS AND EDUCATION

THE recent gifts of Duke and Eastman to Negro education, together with the former benefactions of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Peabody and others, must call for gratitude from black folk. Under present conditions, the only hope for Negro education lies in the gifts of the rich and without these ignorance and caste will be the continued lot of American Negroes.

Nevertheless, it is a shame that present conditions make this necessary. It is a shame that the white laborers of the South will not allow the states to support decent common schools and high schools for Negroes, and compel the race to go begging up and down the land, hat in hand, crawling to the door steps of the rich and powerful for the dole of knowledge. And then these same laborers, backed by organized labor in the North, sneer and yell and curse at black labor because it is not intelligent and underbids them.

It is a shame that the rotten boroughs of the South, voting without intelligence or conscience, wielding from two to seven times the political power of the East and Middle West, can send to Congress big-mouthed demagogues who oppose appropriations to Howard, our only university supported by national taxation, and starve it and hamper it and curtail its growth.

It is a shame that our dependence on the rich for donations to absolutely necessary causes makes intelligent, free and self-respecting manhood and frank, open and honest criticism increasingly difficult among us. If some one starts to tell the truth or disclose incompetency or rebel at injustice, a chorus of "Sh!" arises from the whole black race. "Sh!" You're opposing the General Education Board! "Hush!" You're making enemies in the Rockefeller Foundation! "Keep still!" or the Phelps-Stokes Fund will get you. "Stop!" or the rich Mr. This and the affluent Mrs. That will dam the flow of funds to Fisk or Talladega, to hospital or home.

Whether the fear be true or not—whether these organizations or persons would be influenced or not by honest criticism, the *fear* of the thing is sapping the manhood of the race. It is breeding cowards and sycophants. It is lifting fools and flatterers to place and power and crucifying honest men. We thank the givers for priceless gifts but we eternally damn the system that makes education depend upon charity.

SUDAN

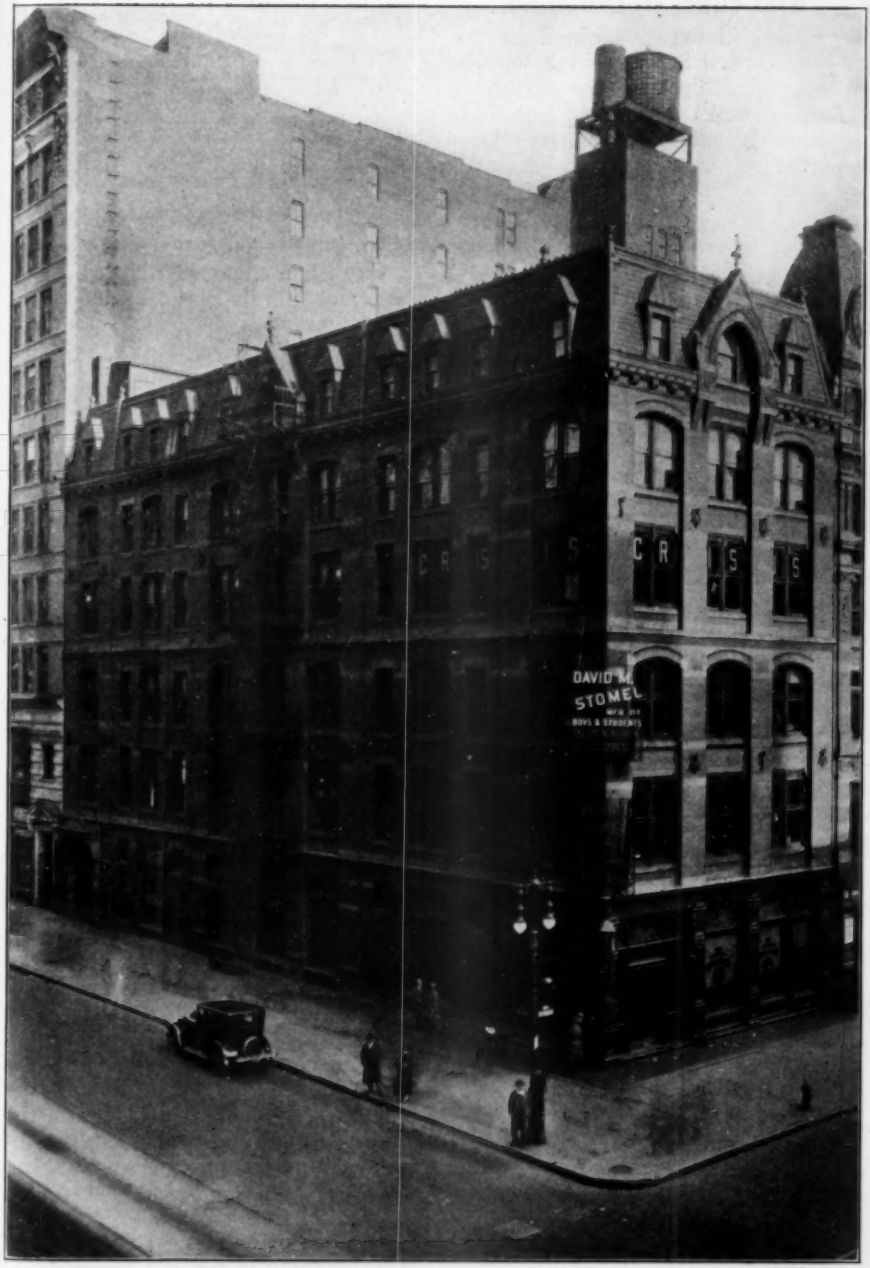
FOR five thousand years and more Egypt and Sudan (Arabic for "Land of the Blacks") have been united by indissoluble ties. Out of the Sudan came ancient Egyptian culture. Down the Nile came religion, trade and commerce, gold and grain, soldiers and primitive art. Back up the Nile moved imperial government, science and literature, architecture and priesthood. The history of Egypt is the history of this contact of nations, brown and black, through the narrow Nile valley, varied with contact with Asia beyond the sea.

In modern days after Egypt had been raped for ages by foreigners, Europe arrived with economic slavery. The degenerate rulers of Egypt were encouraged to borrow European money at exorbitant interest which they in turn wrung out of their black slaves in the Sudan. Then came England and France with straight faces to collect the money due them and to take charge of Egypt. Annexation? Never! France said so and kept her word. England said so fifty times with every protestation of honesty and has not kept her word and does not intend to. She justifies her attitude by comparing the position of the Egyptian peasants and the Sudanese tribesmen in the days of their subjection to Egyptian rulers of the worst type, with their position after millions of European capital have been invested in Egyptian land and labor and directed by European experts. Of course they are better off, but so is England better off for its Egyptian investment, present and future, and instead of facing a day when Egypt as a free and independent land can guide the developing millions of the black Sudan to modern culture, Egypt faces with India and West Africa and the West Indies a program of color caste and profit-slavery to the dominant interests who today govern England.

Egypt rebels. She must rebel. She has pleaded and begged. She has negotiated. She has reasoned and appealed. She has resorted to mobs and red murder. There is not a free nation on earth that has not done the same thing to gain its freedom. It is to the shame of modern culture that today in the 1925th year of the Prince of Peace the only path of human freedom lies through the nasty rivers of blood. Is this the fault of Africa or of Europe? Of Egyptians or of Englishmen? Measure the blood that this imperial island has drawn from the gaping wounds of the world's enslaved and despised and distressed, with the blood that in desperation the writhing worms have turned to let from white men and the red overplus shudders the world to dumb silence.

Having goaded Egypt to assassination, England now turns and steals the Sudan with its water and cotton and brawn and then blandly assures the League of Nations that this is none of its business, just as she told Woodrow Wilson that she would not even discuss the freedom of the seas.

And yet, Imperial England, the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Africa lived before England was born and the pyramids of Egypt will yet look on a land free of British task masters.



69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

At the corner of 14th Street and the Avenue. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and THE CRISIS occupy the whole of the fourth floor, 5,000 square feet. The 14th annual meeting was held here January 5, 1925.

WHO CHECKED LYNCHING

THE known lynchings in the United States are as follows, according to the available records. Probably hundreds of other lynchings have never been reported:

1885	181	1906	68
1886	133	1907	62
1887	123	1908	100
1888	142	1909	89
1889	175	1910	90
1890	91	1911	71
1891	194	1912	64
1892	226	1913	48
1893	153	1914	54
1894	182	1915	96
1895	178	1916	58
1896	125	1917	50
1897	162	1918	67
1898	127	1919	83
1899	109	1920	65
1900	101	1921	64
1901	135	1922	60
1902	94	1923	28
1903	104	1924	16
1904	86		
1905	65	Total	4,113

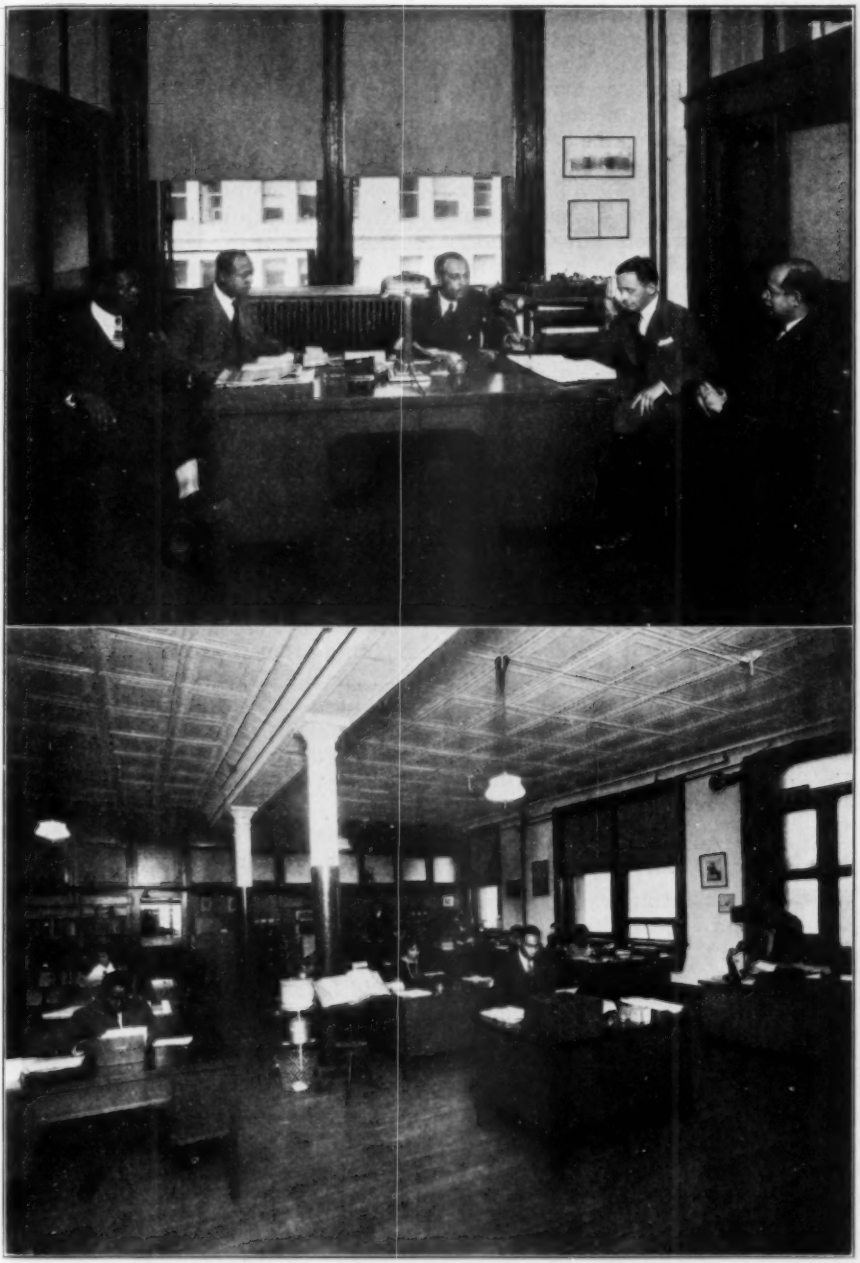
There are several claimants for the honor of this reduction of our national disgrace. The inter-racial committees of the South are with great modesty widely advertising the claim that they did it. The Ku Klux Klan even has the impudence to suggest that it is the real cause. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People simply presents the facts:

	Activities of the N.A.A.C.P.	Number of Lynchings
1912	Investigation at Coatesville	64
1913	First state anti-lynching bill presented	48
1916	Anti-lynching fund of $10,000. Lynchings systematically investigated	58
1917	Investigations and publicity—Memphis, Dyersburg, Houston, East St. Louis	50
1918	Systematic campaign: 74 telegrams to governors. 40 press stories. 7 investigations. Appeal to President Wilson and presidential message	67
1919	First National Anti-lynching Conference with Hughes, Governor O'Neill of Alabama, General Sherburne, Rabbi Wise and Moorfield Storey. Address to Nation signed by 4 attorneys-general, 7 governors and 20 leading southerners. Published "Thirty Years of Lynching". Spent $15,763. 7 state anti-lynching bills. Dyer bill introduced in Congress	83
1920	New Dyer bill. Spent $4,169.38	65
1921	Memorial to Harding and Harding's message. 139 press stories. Dyer bill reported to House. 5000 telegrams to Congressmen	64
1922	Dyer bill passes House 230-119. Memorial to Senate signed by 24 governors, 39 mayors, 47 lawyers, 88 bishops and ministers, 29 college presidents, 30 editors, etc. Bar Association assents. Bill reported to Senate. "Shame of America" advertisement, "the most amazing advertisement ever paid for and printed in any newspaper" appeared in 11 papers with over two million circulation at a cost of $6,980.93. 276 press stories. 15 Republican and Democratic state conventions demand the law. Dyer bill reported to Senate. The Southern Democrats filibuster. The Republican surrender	60
1923	Dyer bill re-introduced in the House Appeal to President Coolidge and his advising of some law	28
1924	Dyer bill in House. Reported from Committee. Anti-lynching campaign in England	16

The total amount which the N. A. A. C. P. has spent in the anti-lynching campaign exceeds $50,000 and this campaign is the only systematic, persistent, financed campaign ever made. All other efforts have been sporadic and intermittent. Finally let us quote the report from the Committee on the Judiciary submitted to the first session of the 68th Congress and accompanying house bill No. 1 (Dyer Bill):

"Lynchings, according to the reports reaching the public, have been decreasing in the last four or five years. Some would have us believe that this is due to causes that make action by the Congress unnecessary. We do not agree with those. We believe that the decrease is due to the publicity given this crime, and the fear of a law by the United States, providing for punishment for those who participate and are responsible for lynchings . . . The American people generally have been for the first time told the truth regarding lynchings, and that they are not caused by the commission of heinous crimes, except in a small part of the total number lynched. If this legislation is put upon the statute books, lynchings will almost entirely disappear. Failure to go ahead will result in lynchings increasing until they will be as bad as they were before we started this work in Congress."

This does not mean that the N. A. A. C. P. unaided reduced the number of lynchings. Liberal Northerners and Southerners gave invaluable aid. But the N. A. A. C. P. with the Dyer bill put the fear of God into the Southern mob and drove the logic of the lynching disgrace out of the head of the civilized South and beat the Ku Klux Klan into a partial repudiation of its own principles. Even with all this, lynching is not yet stopped. It is simply curbed temporarily. Nothing will stop it but Federal law. The



EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE N.A.A.C.P.—ABOVE: SECRETARY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON; ASSISTANT SECRETARY WALTER F. WHITE; FIELD SECRETARY WILLIAM PICKENS; BRANCH DIRECTOR ROBERT W. BAGNALL; PUBLICITY DIRECTOR HERBERT J. SELIGMANN. BELOW: CLERKS AND STENOGRAPHERS.

Dyer bill must pass. Let no one be deceived by broad gestures and big words from the South. Two horrible lynchings have just occurred. Nowhere in civilization, neither in Russia, Turkey, Africa or the South seas, is there a parallel. A boy is enslaved and runs away. He is illegally arrested for no crime by an armed bandit. He shoots in self-defense and is shot in turn and terribly wounded. He is taken to a hospital. Thence the bandit and his friends, unopposed by officials of the hospital or the city or the state or the nation, drag him out wounded and half dead and murder him in public. Everybody in Nashville knows or can find out just who did this atrocious crime and what do they do? They offer $5000 reward which they know will never be claimed and parade about shedding crocodile tears! Nobody will ever be punished for this crime. It is doubtful if anybody will ever be arrested.

Can America stand this barbarism or the sickening parallel in Missouri? No, never. Pass the Dyer bill. Not Muscle Shoals, not even Post Office pay or Disarmament or debts is the first duty of Congress. Lynching is the great problem.

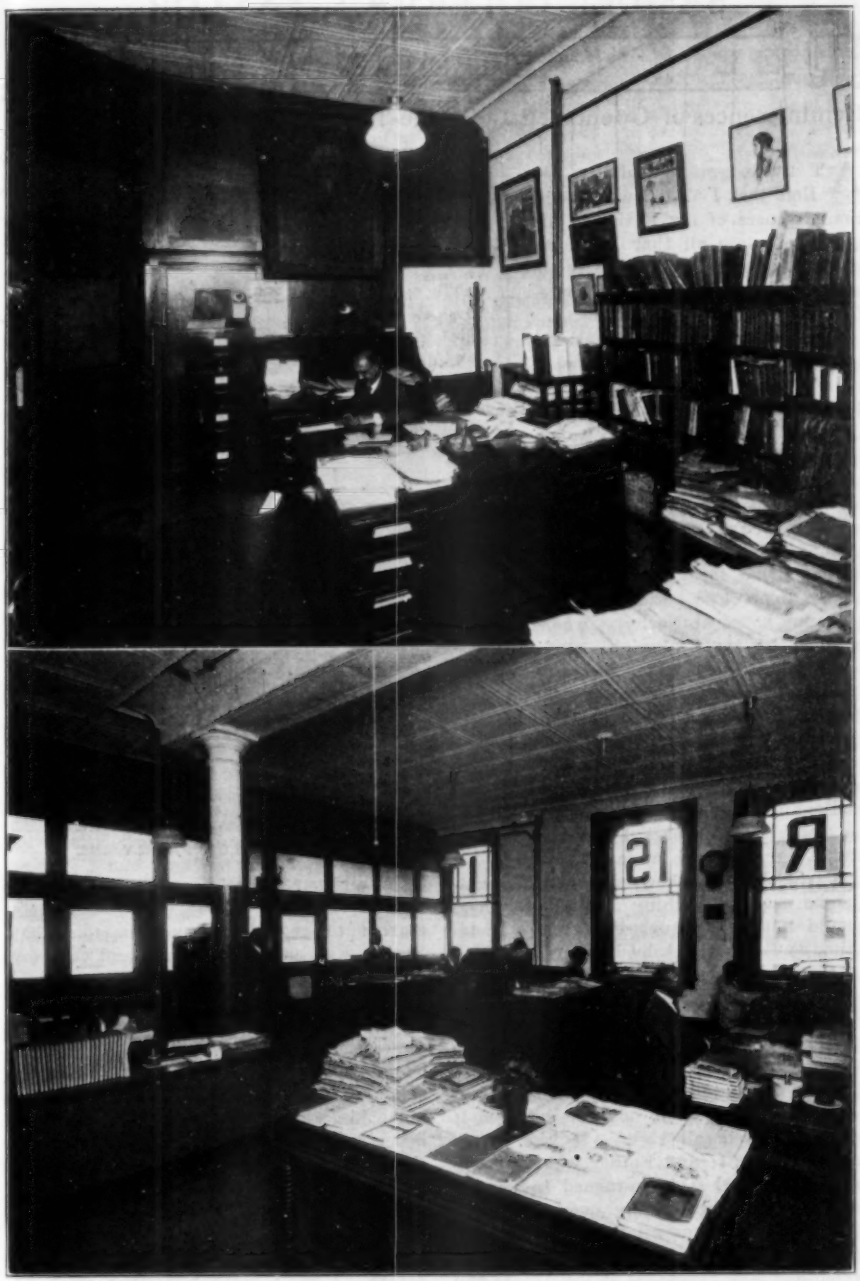
THE WHITE PRIMARY

AN interesting case has come before the United States Supreme Court and the Court has avoided a decision on the "white" primary. In 1921 the City Democratic Committee of Houston declared that Negroes could not vote at the Democratic primary on February 9. The plaintiffs Love and others sued the committee declaring that their ruling was contrary to the constitution of the United States and praying for an injunction. A state court dismissed the bill with costs whereupon Mr. Love appealed to the Court of Civil Appeals. In this court the matter did not come up until after the election and the court decided that since the election was over there was no cause of action.

The plaintiffs appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and the case came up in October, 1924. The Supreme Court of the United States held that the rule promulgated by the Democratic Committee was for a single election only and as that had taken place long before the decision of the Appellate Court, no constitutional right of the plaintiffs had been infringed by holding that the cause of action had ceased to exist. The Court said that what the plaintiffs were asking for was an injunction, but that it was impossible in October, 1924, to enjoin the Democratic Committee of Houston from doing something that it had already done in February, 1921, and that therefore the bill for an injunction could not be granted at this time.

The Supreme Court thus evaded deciding the vital question as to whether or not Negroes can legally be excluded from voting at Primary Elections, but it did use this significant language: *"If the case stood here as it stood before the Court of first instance, it would present a grave question of constitutional law and we should be astute to avoid hindrances in the way of taking it. But that is not the situation."*

Manifestly there is a chance to bring this matter of southern white primaries directly before the Supreme Court when a proper case can be framed. This must be done and done soon.



OFFICES OF "THE CRISIS"—ABOVE: THE EDITOR'S ROOM; BELOW: BUSINESS MANAGER AND HIS CLERKS.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Reminiscences of Gwendolen Coleridge-Taylor Dashwood, His Daughter

AT the suggestion of Dr. Du Bois that I should write some reminiscences of my Father, I am going to relate all that I can remember. I was only nine years old at the time of his death, and therefore my recollections are few.

My Father and I were always the greatest of friends, and when he was at home and not too busy I spent most of my time near him, listening to his playing and watching him write. Sometimes he would set me on his knee whilst he played or would give me a sheet of manuscript paper to scribble on, and then I would pretend to write music, sitting down at the table, or on the floor close beside him.

In our house at Norbury, where we lived for three years, his study was upstairs next to my bedroom. In the evening after supper he usually went up to this room to continue working until late, and invariably he would open my door and peep round and look at me, and ask if his playing was keeping me awake. Of course I loved it and it didn't disturb me a bit; but this will show you how extremely thoughtful he was in wishing first that others should not be "disturbed" (even a small child, as I was then) by his work.

THE COLERIDGE-TAYLOR FAMILY 1906.

One summer when we were all away from home on holiday, we had burglars in the house, and neither Father nor Mother knew anything about it until a few days before we returned. Father had to go up to London one day, and on his way went to Norbury and looked in at our house to see if everything was all right. It was by no means all right; and Father was very upset about it when he returned to us and explained that practically everything had either been taken or smashed to pieces, including some beautiful presentation bâtons which had been taken out of their cases and smashed into several pieces and left on a mantlepiece. He turned to me and said, "And all your dollies' faces are broken and thrown on the floor!" I immediately started to cry; but was soon told that Father was only teasing me, and that my dollies were quite safe.

Some of his most charming songs were a set of *Five Fairy Ballads*. I can *quite* well remember these being written. There was one I specially loved hearing him sing, called "Alone with Mother", and I used to make him sing it again and again, and he never seemed to mind or get tired of doing this. But once when I requested him to sing it, instead of hearing the familiar words of the song, I heard a whole jumble of nonsense coming forth, and extra little trills and all sorts of notes I hadn't heard before. I can't quite remember what all his words were about, except that he finished up with "When I'm left alone with

Gwennie"; and when he reached the word "Alone" he sailed up to a very high note —the highest note he could sing—and stayed on it trilling away in the most ridiculous manner until he had to stop to join in with my laughing. Shortly after this, I went into his room and listened to a very beautiful song he was composing. The poem was "Dinah Kneading Dough", from a collection by Paul Laurence Dunbar. I don't think he can have completed it, because it was never published. I have since looked for the manuscript among some others, but have not found it.

Whenever he went away to conduct at concerts, he always sent post-cards to my brother and me from wherever he was. They were usually quite short; one to me asking, "Have the spots gone from your nose yet?—Father", and another, when he was at the seaside,—"Hope you are well.—The sea looks very wet!" Once, as the result of a joke he played on me, he was the cause of my nearly getting a bad mark at school. Every week we had to bring home a report to be signed either by one's Father or Mother. Usually Mother signed mine, but on this occasion I asked Father to do it; for one reason I was feeling rather proud because I was top of the form that week, and I thought he ought to know about it. So I took the book to him and said, "Would you please sign this for me?" He looked at it and then said, "What do all these figures mean at the bottom of the page?" I told him that they were the number of marks I had gained for the week, and then very proudly alluded to the fact that I was **"first" in the form.** He then scribbled down something, and shut the book up and handed it to me. Not until I was putting the book in my case next day, preparing my things for school, did I open it, and, to my surprise, instead of finding Father's signature, I found three words very neatly written, and they were,—"I *don't* fink!" I very quickly went and asked Father to scratch it out and write his signature, but instead of doing that he wrote "S. C.-T". *over* it, and assured me that no one would see the other. However, when I got to school and had handed in my report, I sat down rather shakily in my place and began to work, until I heard the teacher's voice calling me,—"Gwen, come here and tell me what this means in your book". I went, but I wasn't quite sure what to say and so I said nothing. Then, "Don't you know you must never scribble in your report book? Look at that, and tell me what is written there". I read out the three words, and then she said, "And who wrote it?" I told her, "Father", and explained exactly how they came to be there. She evidently had a sense of humor, for she smiled and sent me back to my place without saying another word.

One day when Father was playing through an *Intermezzo* he had written, my brother rushed into the room with, "I say, Father, that sounds like some picture theatre music". Father did not take this as being very complimentary, as in those days he did not think much of the music that was played in the "picture theatres". Nevertheless, he played it through again, whilst my brother stood beside him and gave him a few "ideas" as to the sort of film he imagined the music would suit. Strange to say, the *Intermezzo* today is one of the most popular pieces in the cinema music library.

I remember going into the dining-room one day just before lunch, and, glancing at my place laid at table, I noticed that the servant had omitted to give me a large knife. I mentioned this to Father who was the only one in the room at the time, and then went out into the kitchen to tell Mother about it. When I came back Father was sitting in an arm chair, busily reading, with his head buried right in the paper. I turned again towards the table, and there I saw knives, forks and spoons of every size and shape we possessed, spread out on the table, extending from one end to the other; and then I looked at Father for an explanation, and found him thoroughly enjoying himself, shaking with laughter, behind the paper! I often wonder how he managed to find all the knives and things and get them spread out, and himself calmly seated in the chair in such a short space of time! He used to tease me most dreadfully at times, and as often as possible I would try to do the same to him; and an afternoon in which I played what I considered a splendid joke, I shall never forget. Father was sitting in an armchair studying German. For this he always had a little book with some illustrations, and I was particularly interested in some of the pictures, and would get him to tell me what they were all about whilst I

stood just behind his chair, usually with my arms round his neck or else playing with his hair. On this particular afternoon I must have had a very naughty little imp inside me, and unknown to Father I took one of the blue ribbons from my hair and tied it on to his—it stuck out so beautifully in a little tuft right on the top of his head. It remained there the whole afternoon without his knowing anything about it. Then the servant knocked at the door and told him that a visitor had called to see him. He got up immediately, and hurried into the other room to see the visitor, *with the ribbon still on his hair!* I do not know what followed, because I ran as speedily as my legs would carry me to my room where I stayed until I thought it was safe to appear again.

Father was always playing jokes on Mr. Julien Henry, a great friend of his; and on one occasion, when he had heard nothing from Mr. Henry for some weeks, instead of sending a letter, he took a tiny piece of paper and wrote on it a single "note of interrogation". This he put into a very small envelope and then proceeded to enclose it in others ranging in progressive sizes until the final one was of the very largest "document" size. This was addressed and sealed very carefully in all the corners, then registered and sent off! Another time he wrote a letter, and before putting it in the envelope, tore it all into tiny pieces and sent it for Mr. Henry to put together when he received it.

There are many, many other little incidents I can remember, but I am afraid they would lose their charm if I were to write them down; and so I will just end my "reminiscences" with what happened during those last few days before my Father's death.

He was writing until the day he was taken ill—standing up against the grand piano with the manuscript and large ink pot on the opened lid. In this position was his last work—the Ballet Music to *Hiawatha* (a separate work from the Cantata)—completed. I was with him practically the whole time he was working during those days, and he used to get me to help him to check the pages of this work and others, by counting and numbering them all very carefully. My first duty in the morning was to dust the piano for him and not to "forget the legs". I used to find this rather difficult because on most days Father was ready to use the piano before I had time to dust it. Consequently I had to try to do it whilst he way playing, by crawling in front and behind his chair to do the legs, and then waiting my chance and making a dive at the keyboard in the bass if his hands were in the treble, and vice versa. This became rather amusing sometimes.

On the Sunday before he was taken ill, he sang through several times a new song which had just been published—"Thou art risen, my beloved". It was a very beautiful song, and I shall never forget hearing him sing this.

On the day of illness he took me for a walk after lunch, and he seemed to be quite as cheery as usual, and was humming most of the time some of his own music. Once or twice I noticed his right leg seemed to drag rather, when he walked. I made a remark to that effect, but he just smiled at me, and we made our way to a flower shop where he bought a gorgeous bunch of "snowball" chrysanthemums for Mother; after which we walked home again, and arriving at our house, he handed them to her. After waiting a few minutes he went out again, this time alone. Mother was expecting a visitor, and I was helping the maid with getting the table ready for tea. There was a knock at the front door and I went to open it and was surprised to see that it was Father returned after such a short time. He stepped into the hall, then stumbled up the stairs, and went straight into his bedroom. I can remember standing at the foot of the stairs watching him as he went; there were two things which puzzled me at the time—one, that he did not say "thank you" when the door was opened for him, and the other that he did not remove his hat before he went upstairs. These two things impressed me particularly, because in an ordinary way he never omitted to do either. I heard him closing the door of his room and then I went on with what I was doing in the dining room. Presently he called over the stairs, "Gwennie, Gwennie". I went to see what he wanted and there I found him lying on the bed, sobbing like a little child and asking me to tell Mother to come to him as he felt so ill. I ran downstairs to Mother who was talking to her friend and told her Father wanted her. When she went up-

stairds she found that he was very ill, and the doctor was sent for immediately. Before the doctor came I had to take a jug of water into Father's room and when I entered he looked up at me, his eyes streaming with tears, and watched me walk across the room. When I had put the jug down by his bedside, he said something to me; but I could not understand, because he was crying so much, and I had to hurry out of the room.

This was the last time I saw him; and I think, although I was so young, that "picture" of him will always remain in my memory.

"THIS WAY TO THE FLEA MARKET"

JESSIE FAUSET

MY friend said: "I think you ought to visit the Flea Market." I looked at her with amazement and some distaste for I was still smarting under the memory of my encounter with one of the pests during my first few days in Paris.

Presently she explained. Just outside of one of the gates of Paris —for Paris being a fortified city has several gates—there is held every Sunday from nine until four, a vast bazaar called the "*Marché aux Puces*", the "Flea Market", where one may buy all sorts of articles at considerable advantage. Originally the name was given because only very old and usually stolen wares were put on sale. But now both old and new objects are to be had and the market is a fully recognized and legitimate business.

Accordingly the next Sunday I started for the Porte de Clignancourt and the Marché aux Puces. My friend's father was to accompany me, not only to show me the way but also to do the bargaining. "You look too easy", said my candid friend, "you need some one to look them in the eye and beat them at their own game for the moment they spy a foreigner they immediately raise the price."

The father, a sturdy, grizzled, kindly Alsatian, was not at all like the Alsatian shepherd boy of the song. Indeed had I seen him in America I should have taken him without further thought for a German. Thus constantly are shaken my preconceptions with regard to the appearance of the French; they run so persistently contrary to type, that is to the type which we are told in America they most resemble. My guide knew his own neighborhood thoroughly and took me to a small Savings Bank, open for deposit on Sunday; to a church and, most interesting of all, to a small carpenter-shop designed for youngsters where boys of all sorts and conditions were happily engaged in drawing and planing and hammering. "Some of them", said their instructor, "do it for fun and others because they have a genuine feeling for the trade." This shop was part of a large school for poor children. Compulsory education has just been established in France and has been taken up with great thoroughness; in this one ward are fifty-two such institutions! Not only is the instruction free,—an innovation for the French, —but a luncheon is served gratis to the pupils every day.

At last we boarded the tramway and rode the length of Boulevard Ornano to the Porte de Clignancourt and the Flea Market. I was not impressed at first for I saw to one side only a few booths, very much as we see sometimes on the East Side in New York, and on these booths were exhibited very ordinary articles of commerce,—neckties, soap, powder, stockings. But presently the boulevard halted, vanished, to reappear in a broad muddy plain covered entirely with tents, booths, portable shops, vans, even desolate automobiles. There was visible a rough sort of plan; lanes ran between a double line of counters, to be met at right angles by other lanes; you could see that you really were in a market with the grey French sky for covering and the deep sticky mud beneath your feet. That mud! There is no mud I am convinced like unto French mud; it is black, it is viscous, it is thick, yet somehow it contrives to spatter and to penetrate and is "of a wetness"!

But the clientele of the Marché aux Puces did not care about mud. Nor did I, —there were far too many other things to consider. Not even in a big department store do I remember such a variety of objects. As far as I can recall there were

no fruits or vegetables, nor indeed any edibles except some cough candy made from the dried berries of the eucalyptus tree. I bought some of this as a safeguard against the effects of the mud and as it tasted like a mixture of camphor and menthol I suppose it would hardly come in the category of edibles. But they were the only objects missing.

Very often as I gaze around the interior of a large shop catering as modern stores do to an appreciable portion of the increasing number of our needs, I wonder what Adam and Eve would think if they might spy just once the first aids to living which civilization has gathered about itself. They would, I think, murmur: "But we lived without any of these things! After all, Life is the important, the supreme end of existence; how can people be encompassed about with all these gee-gaws and yet find time to live?" Some such thought came to me at the Flea Market. Here were dolls, raincoats, shoe-blacking, underwear, perfumes, oil-paintings, rugs, blankets, vases, china, shoes, bicycles, old suits of clothes, hats, fans, candle-sticks, discarded curtain fixtures, table-mats, telephone boxes, cutlery, old-time firing pieces, swords, poniards, daggers, canes, rabbit-skins,—my pen wearies of the enumeration.

Some of the wares were old, some perfectly new; some absolutely useless. Yet people were searching restlessly, feverishly through heaps of fixtures, rusty and even broken. Perhaps some hoped to find and to purchase for a few sous the one contrivance lacking to a world-astounding invention. The piles of worn and faded and altogether horrible clothing also had their devotees. Somehow I felt that it was from these garments and their too probable inhabitants that the market received its name. But the customers who would even envisage the thought of buying and wearing those garments could not afford to be too fastidious! The poor of Europe are very poor; they approach in the candor and simplicity of their idea of living the Adam and Eve of my conjecture. Life, the mere business of living, is their supreme occupation, let its trappings be as sordid, as infected, as repellant as may be; so long as the precious jewel of life is contained therein, what matter? It is a hard philosophy, but an inevitable one in a people who have fought so long and so often for the right to survive; and it is a philosophy too, mind you, born of terrific experiences, not a mere dumb, driven acquiescence of the inequalities of life.

Buying and selling at the Flea Market is a great game. Every body haggles. The merchant to whom a customer handed over the amount of his first price would despise him even while enjoying the thought of his gain. My Alsatian friend had come from Mulhouse; hence when he picked up a picture showing the spires of the Cathedral of Strassburg and storks resting thereon, his rather impassive face quickened. He knew those surroundings; he had lived in Paris now for thirty-five years, but this,—this was home. He asked the price. "Twenty francs", replied the merchant in a hard, unyielding tone. He was a psychologist; he knew that one would want that picture only for its associations; but it is for this sort of thing that men pay dear.

My friend was unimpressed. "What is your final price?" he inquired succinctly.

"Eighteen francs."

"I'll give you ten."

The merchant did not even look up and we sauntered on very slowly for my friend knew that the end was not yet.

Presently came a loud "pst!" We returned.

"I'll let you have it for eighteen francs."

"I told you I'd give you ten." Complete suspension of interest on the part of the vendor. We started off again.

"Hey, here's your picture!" The ten francs and the painting crossed the counter. The picture was unwrapped and I wondered a little about this but my friend was prepared. He dived into a pocket and pulled out a newspaper in which he wrapped his purchase. Always bring a newspaper with you to the Marché aux Puces, he counseled; not enough profit is expected to admit of furnishing paper and string.

The women merchants are the hardest bargainers, seldom if ever yielding. I bought a rose and black beaded table mat at a price equivalent to one-third its cost in New York. My guide started to bargain with the woman who was selling, but her figure was her first and last. Some bantering followed: "You know I've got to live, Monsieur."

"Yes, but you shouldn't try to make all your profit on me."

"I'm not trying to." Shrewdly. "It isn't necessary for you to have the mat, but it is necessary for me to make my living. *Il faut vivre, Monsieur.*"

And not one sou would she yield. I was glad she would not. Her attitude, her calmness, her determination even to the point of grimness is characteristic of this class. There is something tremendously hard and stratified in the French character, a granite-like quality which results from this continuous necessity of being at grips with life itself. One always comes back to some evidence of that, the struggle for existence, the struggle with the soil and the struggle to keep the soil. And this struggle with its resulting hardness shows nowhere more plainly than in the poor and middle-class French woman. It is an extension of that instinct which makes the small and cornered animal fight so bitterly, converting him finally into a truly formidable opponent. Woman being the weaker creature must harden herself proportionately just that much more to meet the exigencies of her existence.

The vast quantity and profusion of merchandise scattered about intrigued of course my attention. But what really held me was the people; all sorts of a given class, with here and there a curious visitor like myself and my friend, but otherwise representatives of the poorer groups of all those nationalities with which Paris teems. Many of the merchants were Poles and Russians, but among the changing crowds of customers were Greeks, Italians, Spanish, Tunisians, Algerians, Annamites, Chinese, Kabyles. These last formed a striking and easily detected group. They were all thin, all swarthy with a swarthiness different from that of the Italian, the American mulatto, or the Spaniard. They wore dull red fezzes, their hair was lank and oily, their faces grimed; yet even so one received an impression of pride and aloofness. They made me think of sick eagles. Old clothes were their lodestone. After fingering garments heavy with grease and dirt, they left them only to return and handle them once more. They were cold, poor things. Hardy sons of the desert they might be, yet not the least of such nostalgia as they felt could be traced back to an unvoiced sense of contrast between the dampness of a French winter and the baking sun of Africa.

By noon the crowd had doubled; by two it would be quadrupled; it would be difficult to twist one's way out of the narrow, muddy lanes; by three the haggling would have reached its height, for merchandise must be disposed of in order to facilitate departure. At five o'clock that vast muddy expanse would be as barren of booths and of people as the sea.

I was surprised that so much vacant land should be lying unused at the very approach to a great city; one would have expected clusters of houses, small businesses, gardens, streets and trees. But here was nothing but a trackless waste, the nearest houses towering aloofly, several hundred metres away. My friend told me that thus was the land left bare all around the city so that the approach of an army would readily be descried! This turned my thoughts again to the fortifications curving away from us enclosing the great proud city, the darling of the French, the Mecca of Europe, the glory of the world! Vast grey stone bastions, as tall as a two-story house, surrounded by a moat which could of necessity be flooded with water. "But we don't do that any more", said my companion, "since we have such wonderful cannon."

The walls were as fascinating as the people. "A fortified city," I murmured, "we never have them in America." "But you would have them", he replied grimly, "if you had the Germans for neighbors." Always that fear of invasion keeping the military spirit in France alive and green.

And on that thought we left the market, left the seething, swarming crowds and the sordid, prosaic wares. A laughing youngster offering us a box of shoe-blacking, opened the box and pretended to lick it, closing his eyes in an ecstasy because it was so good. "So shoe-blacking your favorite dish now", bantered my Alsatian, "and how does it taste?" "It's all right, my old one", grinned back the boy, "you'd better buy some for mademoiselle!"

In front of us against a wintry-silver sunlight rose the mosque-like towers of *Sacré Coeur*. "Come in", they beckoned, "you are welcome!" Behind us curved and closed the fortifications; viewed from this side they emanated security, protection. "Pass in", they murmured, "You are safe!"

PLAY-WRITING

MARK SEYBOLDT

THESE are the books on the subject:

1. William Archer: Playmaking. Small, Maynard & Co., 1912. 419pp.
2. George P. Baker: Dramatic Technique. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919. 531pp.
3. Brander Matthews: A Study of the Drama. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1910. 320pp.
4. Percival Wilde: The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play. Little, Brown & Co., 1923. 396pp.
5. Charlton Andrews: The Technique of Play-Writing. Home Correspondence School, 1915. 269pp.
6. Elizabeth R. Hunt: The Play of Today. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1924. 238pp.
7. Frank Archer: How to Write a Good Play. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., 1892. 224pp.
8. Fanny Cannon: Do's and Don'ts for the Playwright. T. S. Demson & Co., 1922. 65pp.

THE CRISIS is offering $125 in prizes for plays—$75 for the best, $40 for the second best and $10 for the third. The plays must deal with some phase of Negro history or experience and should occupy from 3 to 7 pages of THE CRISIS.

What now is a play and how may one be written? Of course "dramatists are born, not made" but as Mr. Baker points out most attempts at writing plays fall into two classes—the well-written but trite; the fresh and interesting but badly written. It is the second class which interests THE CRISIS. The birth-born gift is there but only study and experience will develop it.

The art of the drama can best be comprehended by careful reading of books like Baker's, Matthews' and Archer's. Hamilton writes: *"A play is a story devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience."* Here then are three things:

1. The audience
2. The actors
3. The story

Our writers may have two quite different audiences in mind:

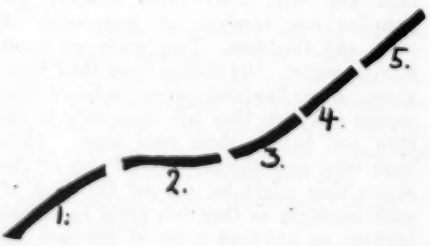
A. White Americans used to theatre going

B. Colored folk.

While we set no limitations we are mainly interested in the second audience; we want colored folks to add the new diversion of the drama to their lives. We want the dramatic instinct of the masses to find outlet in the seen and spoken drama. It will stimulate and broaden cramped lives; it will bring inspiration, ambition, satisfaction. Hitherto they have had almost nothing but caricature or broad farce. The possibilities can be dimly sensed in the pageant "The Star of Ethiopia" as given some years ago in the east and now to be revived this spring in California.

The actors need not bother our playwright as actual staging of these plays is a matter of the future, and good colored and white actors are procurable. The chief thing is the Story. "There are no rules for writing a play" but there is lots to learn. First of all the writer must have an interesting story; this story must move, develop, come to a climax. "In a well-made modern play in three acts, the line of interest, broken into three pieces, is not likely to vary greatly from this:" (Brander Matthews)

He plots Shakespeare's Othello like this:



All this means Unity; the one who sees a play sees it all and at one sitting with only the drop of a curtain between. He cannot lay it aside like a novel. The play then must move quickly and powerfully. There is no time for long descriptions and speeches, autobiographies and explanations The art of successful play writing, says Pinero, "is nothing else than to achieve that *compression* of life, which the stage undoubtedly demands, without *falsification*".

Moreover the one act play, and that is what THE CRISIS wants—something running to 3 to 7 of its printed pages, is unity and compression to the Nth degree. Wilde says that the one act play is not an abbreviated play. "Unity is its inspiration. Unity is its aim. Unity is its soul." "The swiftness of exposition, the brevity, the homogeneity of effect which insists that every word contribute towards that effect." "A single effect, conveyed powerfully or delicately, or poetically or rudely, or seriously or whimsically, according to the character of the effect itself; an instantaneous arrest of attention, a continued grasp, and relinquishment only after the curtain has fallen; this is the goal and method of the true one act play."

The amateur may use the practical books to advantage: Andrews', Hunt's and Cannon's. Cannon's third part is especially stimulating to beginners:

A. Learn something about the theatre.

B. Remember that the story of your play must be a single episode or plot.

C. Remember that your story must have "action".

D. Make your conclusion logical.

And especially these "don'ts":

Don't
- use stories so simple that they are over before they are begun.
- start to write without a plan.
- write "high flown" speeches for everyday people.
- leave us at the end asking what it all means!

Again: there are lynchings in the United States; there is sorrow among black folk; there is poverty, misfortune and sometimes despair; but do not confine yourself to these themes. There are also sunshine and kindness and ambition and hope. Think of these too.

Finally we must append this word by George Barnard Shaw which he has kindly and whimsically sent to THE CRISIS:

"The first lesson a colored (or white) playwright has to learn is never under any circumstances to show his play to another playwright, or to anyone but a manager, before it is produced or published."

"The second lesson is never to read an unperformed or unpublished play, as the inevitable consequence is an accusation of plagiarism, which is quite likely to be well founded, as a born dramatist cannot help assimilating a dramatic idea, consciously or unconsciously."

Write to us for particulars of the Amy Spingarn prizes for literature

NIGHT RAIN

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

I WAKE to the sound of a soft, low patter
That comes like sudden news,
Or like the slow, uncadenced clatter
Of well-filled wooden shoes.

I know I have not waked for long,
That I shall dream again,
That God has sent a slumber song
Of dew and drowsy rain.

I hear it rush the willows through,
And strike the garden gate;
Far off a love bird's plaintive coo
Is answered of its mate.

The night rain works a subtle charm
Day showers never know;
It makes me burrow deep and warm
Beneath my sheets of snow.

It brims the pansy's eager cup,
It dives to the oak's dank roots,
Inquisitive, meanders up,
And climbs to the newest shoots.

It drips a melancholy tune
As plunging fierce and deep,
It scurries wild across the moon
To steep my eyes in sleep.

THE BEWITCHED SWORD

A Story by
Ola Calhoun Morehead

"God's in his heaven
All's right with the world."

THAT'S exactly how Mary felt this morning as she repeated the last lines of Pippa's little song. As far as Browning was generally concerned, she did not care a great deal for his poems. They seemed a trifle vague and obscure. Miss Hayes had analyzed "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "The Last Duchess", her face aglow with the keen rapture of a poetry lover, but Mary, as the rest of the class, remained a lukewarm enthusiast. Miss Hayes, refusing to be discouraged, shook her head sagely as she remarked:

"It will come in time. Keep searching for the treasure."

But the treasure in Pippa's song was just beneath the surface and, to youth, it is so easy to find all right with the world. Mary repeated the last lines over and over again, but with an added fervor, because another circumstance had occurred to heighten her sense of the harmony of things—a very much more material circumstance than Browning's poem. She possessed five dollars and only five to buy a spring hat. The luck of it! Last night, all of the papers carried an advertisement that Bloch's entire stock of spring hats would be cleared at five dollars apiece.

She needed a hat badly. Her last summer's hat showed signs of its enforced duty. Twice she had tacked back the frayed straw. It was fading, too. Spring rains are not particularly kind to such delicate things as summer bonnets. Moreover, all of the girls in her set had new hats and she had begun to feel conscious of her old one. Now, displayed in the advertisement was the very hat she had seen in the window and admired. Ah, figuratively, she would laugh last and best!

Pippa's song fairly leaped from Mary's heart as she pulled her shabby hat over her newly shingled hair, throwing a hasty look at her dresser's mirror, in the meantime.

"Gee! I'd better hurry or they'll all be picked over. Think of it, values to twenty-five dollars!"

Bounding down the stairs to the street and to the "L" station she boarded a downtown car. As the train scurried, her dreams likewise scurried. She had bought the hat and its taffeta trimming was the same shade as that of her new flannel coat. Even now, she could hear the girls exclaiming over it. They always admired her taste. She had no cause for staying away from the lyceum now. She'd be there Sunday without fail. All of the young folks met there. My! how she had missed being there the last couple of Sundays. Mary closed her eyes in delicious anticipation.

"State and Madison."

The girl started abruptly and left the car.

At Bloch's, she directed the elevator boy, "Millinery". Ah! in the midst of dozens of women tables were heaped with the season's models—cunning taffeta turbans of every shade; chic, charming cloches; trim, tiny sailors; black, lacy, filmy things, etherial as the air; and leghorns, velvet and

"I WANT THIS ONE", SAID MARY

taffeta-trimmed in dress and sport styles. In the maze of all sorts of shapes and trims, she found at last the hat of her dreams and window gazing.

Searching out and finding an unoccupied dressing table, she tilted her hat to every angle and not at a single one was it unbecoming. Though, of course, she preferred to wear it slightly tilted to the left. She thought that angle gave a better shading to her eyes. Already, a saleswoman was coming toward her.

"I want this one", said Mary, fondling the leghorn and powder blue combination.

"Will you wear it? Then, I'll put the other one in a bag for you. And say, I want to tell you, you've got a bargain there, not only style, but lots of service and it's worth three times its price."

Wild with joy, Mary exchanged the five dollar bill for the hat. Tripping, all but, her heart a song, she left Bloch's to board the car at the next corner.

The car was filled, but even so, the girl's keen eye spied a seat at the front. She had scarcely sat down to weave more dreams when suddenly,

"I won't sit by a nigger!"

And Mary felt her knees rudely jostled as a tall blonde woman strode past her into the aisle.

Crash! fell Mary's dream towers and, instantly, she was swept back into the world of reality as eyes pinned themselves upon her—some pityingly, some quizzical, the most of them unkind.

With her lips tightly compressed, she felt the sharp point of the sword as it shot through her armor of happiness to sip, as it were, the blood of her heart.

A strange sword it was, too, possessing something of witchcraft, it could pierce iron; it could rend steel; it could break a heart of stone!

"Park Avenue!"

And, this time, a drooping little figure, limply holding a paper bag, left the car.

THE POPPY FLOWER

LANGSTON HUGHES

A WILD poppy-flower
Withered and died.
The day-people laughed
But the night-people cried.
A wild poppy-flower
Withered and died.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

ANNUAL MEETING

TO an audience which comfortably filled the Renaissance Casino in New York City on Sunday afternoon, January 4th, Congressman Ogden L. Mills of New York, James Weldon Johnson and William Pickens, Secretary and Field Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P. respectively, spoke, launching the nation-wide fight against residential segregation through property owners' agreement. The audience showed its realization of the vital issues concerned by contributing $639.87 to the fight. In the course of his address, Congressman Mills, one of the staunch leaders of the Republican Party, advocated strenuously intelligent non-partisan political action on the part of colored people, declaring "Vote individually; don't ever put yourselves in a position where politicians of either side can say they can deliver the Negro vote". At this meeting was announced the receipt of a check for $1007.50 from Philip G. Peabody of Boston to bring his contributions to the Association within the last few years to the total of $10,000.00.

On Monday, January 5th, there was held at the offices of the N. A. A. C. P. the best Annual Meeting in the history of the Association. The reports of the various officials were read and received with enthusiasm. The Secretary's report included a detailed account of the development of the fight against residential segregation, the story of the various legal cases handled during 1924; of work on the Dyer Anti-lynching bill and of the anti-lynching campaign in general; the successful effort for release of the men of the Twenty-fourth Infantry; of action in connection with disfranchisement and particularly of the Association's activities in the recent presidential election; of publicity; of books written by members of the staff, and of the work of the branches. A more detailed statement will be given of the work during 1924 in the March issue of THE CRISIS and a complete account will be given in the Annual Report which will be published the early part of the year.

The most exact barometer of the value of an organization's work is in the confidence shown in it as represented by contributions to its work. The N. A. A. C. P. ended the year 1924 in the best financial condition of its history. For example, in the general fund of the Association on December 31, 1923, the balance in bank was $368.80; on December 31, 1924, it was $3175.51; on December 31, 1923, the accounts payable of the N. A. A. C. P. were $6285.04; on December 31, 1924, it was only $251.82. Including all funds, on December 31, 1923 there was a deficit of $2176.48; while on December 31, 1924, the net worth was $6972.96, a net gain for the year 1924 of $9149.44.

Following the business meeting, the members of the Board of Directors and out of town guests who came from seven states and the District of Columbia had dinner at the Civic Club, ending the most successful and pleasant Annual Meeting of the Association.

TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY

SEVEN years of effort by the N. A. A. C. P. have brought their fruits in the cases of the men of the Twenty-fourth Infantry condemned to life and long time imprisonment in connection with the Houston Riot of 1917. At the end of the year, 1924, the N. A. A. C. P. was able to announce that 20 of these life long termers have been released during the year upon parole and that of the 34 men remaining in Leavenworth Penitentiary, every one will have been eligible for parole early in 1928.

The parole of these men and the probable release of those remaining in prison are a direct outcome of the movement begun at the 14th Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P., Kansas City, when more than 500 delegates and visitors made a pilgrimage to Leavenworth and speakers solemnly assured the imprisoned men that efforts for their release would not stop until every man was either out of prison or dead. Following that pilgrimage, the N. A. A. C. P.

THE BURDEN BEARERS: NEGRO WORKERS IN THE NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY VEHICULAR TUNNEL.

enlisted the co-operation of churches, welfare organizations, fraternal bodies and other groups throughout the country finally securing 125,000 signatures to a petition which was presented to President Coolidge last February. During the presentation of that petition, Secretary of War Weeks, who had heard about it, stepped into the President's office and the President announced that all these cases would be referred to the Secretary of War. A board of Officers appointed to review the cases reduced the sentences of the men so that 20 of them became eligible for parole this year. The names of those men together with the dates of their release are:

Isaac A. Deyo	June 5
Ben McDaniel	Aug. 16
Reuben W. Baxter	Sept. 17
Douglas T. Bolden	Sept. 17
Gerald Dixon	Sept. 17
Roy Tyler	Sept. 17
Jos. Williams, Jr.	Sept. 17
Albert T. Hunter	Nov. 10
John Ranier	Nov. 10
Jas. E. Woodruff	Nov. 10
J. H. Hudson, Jr.	Nov. 13
John Geter	Nov. 26
John H. Gould	Nov. 26
Jas. H. Mitchell	Nov. 26
Edward Porter, Jr.	Nov. 26
Grant Anderson	Dec. 3
William Burnett	Dec. 14
Chas. J. Hatton	Dec. 14
Robert Tillman	Dec. 14
Hezekiah J. Turner	Dec. 14

According to a letter from Secretary of War Weeks to the N. A. A. C. P. dated May 13, 1924, 10 life prisoners and 6 long term men will be eligible for parole in 1925, 16 life prisoners in 1927 and 4 in 1928.

The N. A. A. C. P. during the course of this campaign on behalf of the Houston Martyrs has kept constantly in touch with the War Department, the Parole Board, the office of the United States Attorney-General in Washington and with Warden Biddle of the Leavenworth Penitentiary and efforts will be continued in behalf of the 34 men still in prison with the endeavor to still further shorten the prison terms they have to serve.

THE BANNER YEAR

1924 was the banner year of the Association in branch finances and activities. The 372 branches of the Association contributed $42,376.24 to the National Work on apportionment, not counting contributions from them for special purposes. (It is to be remembered that approximately a like amount was raised for local branch work and expenses.) The gain over 1923 of $16,014.12 or 60.7 per cent can be seen by contrasting with the figures for the year just closed the total of $26,362.12 the branches contributed on apportionment in 1923.

134 branches of the Association fully met their apportionment in 1924, while 93 of these exceeded their apportionment, some to a considerable degree. In 1923 forty-two branches met their apportionment and in 1922, 37 branches. In 1921 the previous banner year, 52 branches paid their apportionment.

Certain branches deserve special mention. Among these are Little Rock, Ark., which overpaid its apportionment over 800 per cent; Philadelphia, Pa., not only royally entertained the Annual Conference but gave over $5,000.00 for the National Work; and New York City, which contributed $5,100 to the National Work. Philadelphia now takes its place as the strongest branches which met their apportionment $8,000 during the year for all purposes.

Due to lack of space the entire list of branches which met their apportionment cannot be given in this issue. In the March issue of THE CRISIS will be given, as usual, a complete summary of the year's work together with the auditor's report. At that time we will try to give the list of branches. They will be printed certainly not later than the April issue.

Two features which greatly aided the branches to make this splendid showing were the Popular Baby Contests through which thirty-nine branches raised more than $11,000 of which over $5,000 was sent to the National Office, and the numerous contributions by Negroes of from $25 to $100 each.

In their work the officers of the Association addressed 501 meetings and traveled 55,637 miles in the following states:

Arkansas	Kansas	New York
Colorado	Kentucky	North Carolina
Connecticut	Louisiana	Ohio
Delaware	Maryland	Pennsylvania
Dist. of Columbia	Massachusetts	Rhode Island
Florida	Michigan	Tennessee
Georgia	Minnesota	Virginia
Illinois	Missouri	West Virginia
Indiana	Nebraska	Wisconsin
	New Jersey	

All of the officers of the Association visited the South. Mr. Johnson visiting North Carolina; Mr. White, Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee; Mr. Pickens, Virginia; and Mr. Bagnall, Florida, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Louisiana; and Dr. Du Bois, many southern points.

FOOT BALL IN NEGRO COLLEGES IN 1924

By Paul W. L. Jones

First Team	Position	Second Team
Crudup, Lincoln	End	Brown, Wilberforce
Kirven, Paul Quinn	Tackle	Lamar, Atlanta
Miller, North Carolina A. & T.	Guard	Jennings, Tuskegee
Tobin, Va. Union	Center	Morgan, Lincoln
T. J. Coleman, Hampton	Guard	Ballard, Shaw
Ward, Wilberforce	Tackle	Irving, Morehouse
Lancaster, Lincoln	End	Gaithers, West Virginia
Turner, West Virginia	Quarter	Joyner, Tuskegee
Byrd, Lincoln	Half	Sheppard, Paul Quinn
Cardwell, West Virginia	Half	Shields, Va. Union
Stephenson, Tuskegee	Full	Goodman, Lincoln

FOOT BALL is now the most popular sport in Negro colleges. Splendid teams were developed in both the larger and smaller colleges during the season of 1924. A new interest in the game was awakened in every section of the country. Attendance at games surpassed all predictions. Twenty thousand saw the annual Lincoln-Howard Turkey Day classic at Washington; the largest crowd ever seen at a foot ball game in Atlanta, Ga., looked on as Morehouse and Atlanta played on December 6th; and Neil Park, Columbus, Ohio, was well filled for the West Virginia-Wilberforce contest on Thanksgiving Day. Athletic fields have been built or enlarged. Several conferences have been organized, notably the Missouri Valley Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the Texas Conference and the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Lincoln of Missouri won the Missouri Valley Association, Paul Quinn the Texas Conference, and Lincoln (Pa.) the Colored Intercollegiate Association, with Virginia Union a close second.

In the South, Southeast, Midwest and West foot ball among Negroes is just beginning to make progress. While Morehouse, Fisk, Talladega, West Virginia, Wilberforce and a few others of the bigger schools had developed excellent teams twenty years ago, the smaller colleges had given the game but little attention and study. Today the smaller colleges are stressing foot ball and the secondary schools are busy training and preparing boys for wider fields of action as members of college squads.

Lincoln University (Pa.) looms up as champions of Negro college foot ball for 1924. The Lincolnites won from all the opponents but Virginia Union with whom they played a 0-0 tie. Howard was beaten 31 to 0, Shaw was taken into camp by 36 to 0, St. Paul was downed 33 to 0, Hampton was conquered 7 to 3, and Virginia Seminary and College was trounced 21 to 0. Harrisburg "Y" and New Jersey Manual Training School were also victims of Lincoln's crushing drives. Lincoln and Howard have played twenty games since 1892. Lincoln has won ten games and Howard five. Five games were ties. Crudup, captain and end, "Jazz" Byrd, half, "Tad" Lancaster, end, "Big Boy" Morgan, center, Lee, full, Grasty, tackle, and Goodman, half, won fame wherever Lincoln played.

The Southern Championship belongs to Tuskegee Institute. Tuskegee beat all opponents except Paul Quinn against which a 0-0 tie was played at Waco, Texas, on December 5th. In Joyner, quarter, Stephenson, half, Bailey, half, Wooten, full (the wonderful "Four Horsemen"), Jennings and Gilbo, guards, and Duncan, end, Tuskegee had seven players that any team would be proud to claim.

Patrons of the game were eager to see Lincoln and Tuskegee clash, and Tuskegeans were anxious to make the match. Had such a game been staged in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, a record-breaking crowd would have been on hand to witness the contest. Alumni and friends of both schools would have attended in great numbers, and thousands of foot-ball "fans" would have come from all parts of the country to see the battle.

Paul Quinn's college team was one of the strongest of the year. It did not lose a game. At kicking, running, passing, bucking, tackling and catching, Paul Quinn's players were adept. Sheppard, quarter, Kirven, guard, Alexander, end, Sedberry, half, Jackson, full, Nichols, end, and Sanders, center, were towers of strength in every contest played by their team.

A game between Wilberforce and Paul Quinn, or between Wilberforce and Tus-

kegee would have been a big "drawing card". West Virginia against Lincoln, or West Virginia against Tuskegee would have drawn lovers of foot ball to the scene of conflict no matter where the game might have been played. A few post-season games of the intersectional kind might serve as a spice for the sport. Certainly they would awaken keener competition, bring about changes in styles of play and introduce new methods, thus making the game more attractive to fans and spectators.

West Virginia, Wilberforce, Howard, Virginia Union, Atlanta, North Carolina A. & T., Simmons and Langston each lost one game. West Virginia was especially strong at passing and kicking, Wilberforce excelled at line plunging and end runs, Atlanta's team was always bubbling with the fighting spirit, A. & T. presented a solid front defensively and offensively, Virginia Union was strong in every department of the game, Simmons had a backfield that was hard to beat, while Langston's gridders were scored on but once, Paul Quinn making two field goals against them.

Tennesse A. & I. State Normal School did not lose a game, winning four and tying one; St. Paul won three, lost four and tied one; Morehouse won four and lost three; Hampton won four, lost three and tied one; Kentucky won three and lost three, and Roger Williams, Bishop and Prairie View each lost one. Talladega, Wiley, Bennett, Lincoln (Mo.), Alabama State, Morris Brown, Knoxville, Texas, Virginia Seminary and College, Sam Houston, Arkansas Baptist, Livingstone, Virginia Normal, Durham Normal and Shaw had splendid teams.

Outstanding players for the year follow:

ENDS—R. Brown (Wiley), Nichols (Paul Quinn), Duncan (Tuskegee), Crudup (Lincoln), Lancaster (Lincoln), "Scotty" Brown (Wilberforce), Gaithers (W. Va.), Knox (Talladega), O'Neil (Prairie View), Turner (Va. Nor.), Archer (Morehouse), the Wilsons (Durham Normal), Williams (Langston).

TACKLES—Frances (Kentucky), Flourney (Bishop), Kirven (Paul Quinn), Cunningham (A. & T.), Doakes (Howard), Grasty (Lincoln), Irving (Morehouse), Ward (Wilberforce), England (Kentucky), Kelley (Lincoln of Mo.), Houston (Va. Union), O'Kelley (Durham Nor.), Cleaver (Simmons), Lamar (Atlanta), Gill (Shaw).

GUARDS—Miller (A. & T.), T. J. Coleman (Hampton), Coles (A. & T.), Jennings (Tuskegee), Calloway (Lincoln), Cook (Morehouse), Wingfield (Morris Brown), Ballard (Shaw).

CENTERS—Tobin (Va. Union), Morgan (Lincoln), Rooks (Shaw), Tadlock (Tuskegee), Pindle (Hampton), Burrell (St. Paul), Bickett (Wilberforce), Priestly (Howard), Campbell (Ala. State).

QUARTERS—Turner (West Virginia), Joyner (Tuskegee), Wood (Simmons), Huffman (Tennessee), Sheppard (Paul Quinn), Seay (Fisk), Lockhart (Morris Brown), Jacobs (Hampton), Payne (Howard), Whedbee (Va. Seminary), Jackson (Va. Union), Mitchell (Shaw).

HALF BACKS AND FULL BACKS—Byrd (Lincoln), Cardwell (W. Va.), Shields (Va. Union), Stephenson (Tuskegee), Goodman (Lincoln), Sedberry (Paul Quinn), Perkins (Simmons), Porter (Kentucky), Cotty (Kentucky), Harris (Wilberforce), Bailey (Tuskegee), Wooten (Tuskegee), Coleman (A. & T.), Reid (Livingstone), Brooks (Lincoln of Mo.), DeLorme (Atlanta), Lowry (W. Va.), Parker (Talladega), Nance (Tenn.), Williams (Wilberforce), Boffman (Va. Union), Tondee (Morehouse), Lee (Lincoln), McLean (Howard), Hall (Ala. State), Walker (St. Paul), Robinson (Langston).

The players named on the First Team at the beginning of this article were, we believe, the best in their positions. Crudup and Lancaster, ends, were adepts at snatching passes and running and spoiling the enemy's air attack. They outplayed all opponents on every field and did more to keep their team "out front" than any two ends in Negro foot ball. Kirven and Ward, tackles, were sure to break up plays and to get the man with the ball whenever they

27,000 PERSONS VIEW THE HOWARD-LINCOLN GAME

went for him. Time after time their smashes opened holes through which backfield men made gains into the territory of their opponents. It was Kirven's tackling that spilled Tuskegee's hopes for victory over Paul Quinn.

At guard Miller and Coleman were head and shoulders over all the men who played the position during the season. Both play a great game on the defensive and offensive, and both are perfect blockers and sure tacklers. Tobin at center is a brainy and accurate passer-back, a line plunger and a powerful defensive player.

MARK CARDWELL

Byrd was the greatest back of the year, the sensation of Negro foot ball. Speedy, courageous, brainy, he outplayed, outran, outguessed and outgamed every player he met on the gridiron. Adept at twisting, ducking and changing his pace, he was the greatest open field runner in the game. He always saw clearly what had to be done in order to advance the ball and he seldom failed to register a gain for his team when called on.

Cardwell is the coolest and most accurate forward passer in the game. Like Byrd he can squirm and twist and duck through the enemy's line whenever and wherever an opening occurs. Stephenson was the best kicker of the year and a fine runner and passer. His playing would keep any team in the winning column. He is one of the gamest and fastest men that ever wore foot ball togs.

Turner is the greatest strategist and field general in the game today. He is also a fast runner, a reliable ball carrier and an excellent receiver of forward passes. With the odds against him in the game against Wilberforce, he so handled his team as to keep Wilberforce from scoring, and came within a minute of turning a tie into a victory for West Virginia. His generalship, snatching of passes and kicking defeated North Carolina A. & T. when A. & T. looked a sure winner.

The men placed on our Second Team are almost duplicates of the first string men. All are sterling players, possessing qualities which bring them to do all that foot ball players are expected to do.

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

By Margaret Loring Thomas

Read at the luncheon which celebrated the eightieth birthday of the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison and the mother of Oswald Garrison Villard.

DECEMBER'S Daughter, now we honor thee,
A prophet come to dwell among us here,

When days are over brief and nights are drear
And life is dormant in each seed and tree.
Thy spirit's call is heard from sea to sea:
"Work on for brighter days. The spring is near.
Awake mankind! Bring in a better year!
Come, open doors for trade, it shall be free."

It was her father by whose sainted hands
The slaves have been set free from tyrant bands.
Humanity she would emancipate
From war and murder, bloodshed and blind hate.
In dreams she sees the end of rule by might
And force; the victory of love and right.

The Horizon

¶ Katherine Blackburn, known as "Sister Katherine", general secretary of the colored branch of the Y. W. C. A. at Cape Town, South Africa, is dead. Miss Blackburn was born in Ohio and educated at Wilberforce University. The local paper says "Quiet and retiring in appearance and manner, this little woman in gray wielded an influence that was remarkable. The funeral was a wonderful tribute to an unostentatious woman."

¶ Ernestine J. Covington was mentioned last month as one of the recipients of a scholarship from the Juilliard Musical Foundation of New York City.

¶ Two young colored physicians have been honored by appointment to fellowships by the National Research Council under the National Academy of Sciences. Dr. Lloyd H. Newman, born in Washington in 1892 and a graduate of Howard College and Medical School, has been given a fellowship of $2,300 per year to do research work in biological chemistry under Dr. Otto Folin at Harvard University. His term will expire October 15, 1925. He belongs to the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity.

¶ Dr. Harry L. Pelham has been given a fellowship of $2,500 for one year to study physiology under Dr. H. B. Williams at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. Dr. Pelham was born in Newburgh, N. Y., educated at Lincoln University and took his medical course at Howard. He received at graduation the Dumas Prize for the highest rank in his class.

¶ We have further information of colored legislators chosen in the last election. William King, former Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago, and later Assistant State's Attorney, was elected to the legislature of Illinois. He was born in Louisiana and educated at Howard.

¶ Pope B. Billups of New York City was elected to the Assembly of New York. He is a lawyer, educated in the public schools and at New York University. He has been active in fraternal organizations.

¶ Walthall M. Moore was born in Alabama forty years ago and educated at Howard. In 1920 he was elected to the Missouri legislature, being the first colored member. He was defeated in 1922, but in 1924 was elected for a second term. He has been active in making a university out of Lincoln Institute.

SISTER KATHERINE AND HER Y.W.C.A.

¶ Earl Wilkins, a colored sophomore at the University of Minnesota, has been made a member of the editorial board of the *Minnesota Daily*. The *Daily* is the official student newspaper of the university and looks like a metropolitan daily. The editorial board writes the editorials and the members are appointed after a competitive test.

¶ January 7, the Rev. M. J. Key of Washington, D. C., Rev. K. H. Burrus of Atlanta, Georgia, Rev. S. S. Jones of Muskogee, Oklahoma and Rev. J. O. Haithcox of Cincinnati, Ohio, winners of the prizes in the Walker Holy Land Contest, sailed for England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and Palestine. They are to be gone eight weeks at the expense of the Walker Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Wilkins Miss Covington Dr. Newman Dr. Pelham

¶ President John Hope of Morehouse College has been made a member of the National Council which governs the Y. M. C. A.

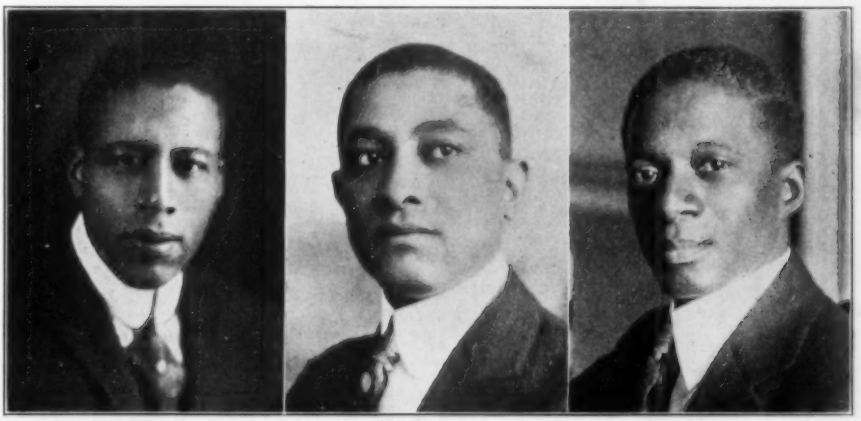
¶ Miss Emily M. Clary whom we mentioned in our Christmas number of 1923 has recently been retired from her position as clerk in the Boylston Chemical Laboratory of Harvard University on full pay, after service of over fifty consecutive years. Miss Clary was born and bred in New England.

¶ The colored branches of the Louisville Free Public Library had a total circulation in 1924 of 121,794 volumes, an increase of nearly 5,000 volumes over last year.

¶ The Rev. Solomon M. Carrington is dead at Malden, Massachusetts. Mr. Carrington was a good friend of the colored Harvard students in earlier days and was pastor of the Union Baptist Church when he died. He was a hard worker and a man of blameless character.

¶ Under the auspices of Miss Nannie Burroughs as President, Mrs. Mary M. Bethune, Mrs. Maggie L. Walker and other leading colored women, a unique work for domestic servants has been started in Washington. It is called The National Association of Wage Earners and a home and club house have been bought and furnished at 1115 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. The purposes of the organization are to develop efficient workers, assist in finding work, secure a decent wage, start collective bargaining and enlighten colored women as to the value of organization. In the club rooms are power machines for dressmaking, social rooms and offices, practice rooms including three dining rooms, a kitchen, and dormitories.

¶ The full amount needed for the new science hall at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, estimated at $82,500, has been secured. The building will be erected in the spring. Out of the total amount the Gen-



Mr. Billups Mr. King Mr. Moore

REUBEN CARTER, JR., NEW YORK
1st National N.A.A.C.P. prize baby.

eral Education Board gave $30,000, the alumni $12,000, the Presbyterian Board $5,000 and philanthropic friends the balance.

¶ The Ashley Memorial trophy at Amherst College for the football player who was of greatest value to the team has been awarded to Charles Drew, a colored athlete.

¶ The Utopia Neighborhood Club of New York City has in the four years of its existence raised $19,550. It owns real estate worth $15,500.

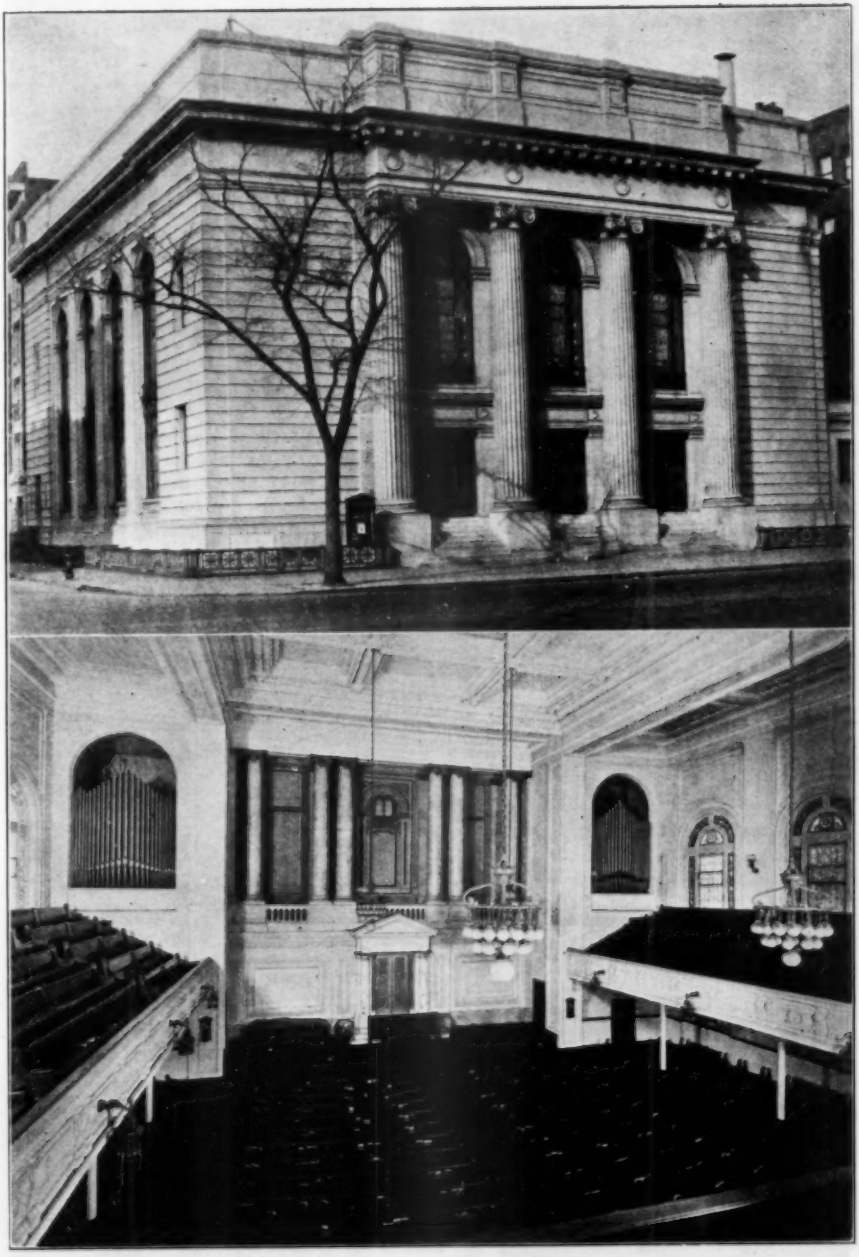
¶ The Lott Carey Baptist Foreign Mission Society conducts mission work in Haiti, Liberia, South Africa, South America and Russia. It has raised $60,000 for this work during the year. This society and the unincorporated National Baptist Convention have joined forces for foreign work.

¶ Mount Olivet Baptist Church in New York City, which for many years has been domiciled at 53rd Street, has just purchased the Seventh Day Adventist Temple at Lenox Avenue and 120th Street for the sum of $450,000. It stands on a plot 100 x 100 and is built of white Indiana limestone with large stained glass windows. The church on 53rd Street was sold for $140,000.

Mount Olivet was organized in 1878 in West 26th Street. It was then moved to West 37th Street, then to a hall at 34th Street and in 1884 to 53rd Street. During its 46 years of existence Mt. Olivet has had only four pastors including Rev. C. T. Walker, Rev. M. W. Gilbert and the present pastor, the Rev. William P. Hayes. Among the trustees of the church is Mrs. Richetta G. Randolph-Wallace, clerk of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

¶ There are a number of colored police-

PRIZE N.A.A.C.P. BABIES, AKRON, OHIO



NEW MOUNT OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK

SOME OF WASHINGTON'S "FINEST"; OFFICER BRAXTON IN THE CENTER.

men at the National capital. One of them, E. H. Braxton, came into the limelight recently when he was sent to quell a disturbance at the annual session of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Continental Hall. They were vastly outraged but one of the delegates said that "he behaved like a gentleman and I respected his uniform".

¶ Morgan College has been damaged by a $60,000 fire; but a colored man, John T. Gibson, proprietor of the Dunbar Theatre, Philadelphia, has given $5,000 as a memorial fund which nearly completes the $300,000 maintenance drive which Morgan is raising. The colors of Morgan are orange and blue.

DINING ROOM, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WAGE EARNERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE AFRICAN SCULPTOR. FROM THE STATUE BY HERBERT WARD.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

SEVERAL times Countée Cullen, our youngest poet laureate, has closed his recitals with a delightful quatrain which we are constrained to publish since we have learned it, we think, by heart. It is "To a Certain Lady I Know" and runs something like this:

"She seems to think in Heaven
While her kind lies and snores
Black cherubs rise at seven
To do celestial chores!"

The number of books and articles on the American Negro is not only increasing but the quality and sincerity of the product is growing better. On our desk is a little pamphlet on the first Negro organization, the Free African Society, organized April 12, 1787, in Philadelphia. This pamphlet is written by the Rev. George Bragg of Baltimore. Out of this organization came the first Episcopal Church and the great African M. E. Church.

The *New Orient*, a journal of international fellowship, published quarterly, is edited by Syud Hossain. It is worth reading by all those interested in the darker races.

"The Conquest of Coomassie", an epic poem on the overthrow of the Ashanti, has come to us. It is written by "Aldeberan" and published in California.

Three books of first-rate importance we are saving for more extensive review. Dr. Herbert A. Miller's "Races, Nations and Classes" stands first. Mr. A. A. Taylor's "The Negro in South Carolina During Reconstruction" is next. And finally comes G. L. Beer's "African Questions at the Paris Peace".

Three novels are also before us treating the race problem: V. A. Majette's "White-Blood", Dr. Frank's "Negrolana" and W. F. Cozart's "The Chosen People". Mr. R. W. Bagnall will review these next month.

There are two books of essays: Jean K. Mackenzie's "African Clearings" and R. E. Kennedy's "Black Cameos". There is also Herman Norden's "White and Black in East Africa". Of these we shall speak again.

In the book, "Problems of Citizenship", by Hayes Baker-Crothers and Ruth A. Hudnut, we have perhaps the best text for general study, so far as the Negro is concerned, that has been published. Indeed in the fifty pages devoted to the Negro, we would only take serious exception to the treatment of the so-called intelligence tests. The conclusion of the study is quite worth quotation:

The Negro grows restive within the color line. He is pushing outward, bending the barrier, securing an ever wider, better corner in the world. He is seeking help from his white brother. Sometimes he receives it, but usually behind the helping hand is the thought of radical racial differences and the feeling of superiority. Some of his race do not desire help. They stand alone in sullen pride. They are making for themselves a Negro brotherhood. They hope to make it strong, powerful, united. The growing feeling of race is upon them. It has been forced into being by the treatment of the white world. The Negro of yesterday, servile, amiable, docile, is becoming a being of the past. The Negro of today, educated, independent, mindful of his rights, is a different man. His numbers may not be great, but he is the advance guard of the future. He constitutes a perpetual challenge to our ideals of democracy, an unsolved problem that seemingly has no solution mutually satisfactory to both races.

RICH, POOR AND BLACK

THE Louisville, Kentucky, *Post* publishes this rather significant editorial. Hitherto in the South, it has always been the rich man who has been represented as the salt of the earth and the "best friend" of the Negro.

Rich Man—"Do you really believe that education is a good thing for the Negro?"

Poor Man—"To believe otherwise would be to deny my faith in God and in human progress under His directng hand. Our colored neghbors are the same sort of people that we are. They love their children as we do; they have hopes and ambitions as we do. They know that the uneducated boy and girl, be they white or black, must go through life discharging the lowest form of labor, cut off forever from any of those things which make life pleasant. I am a poor man myself, but my children, fortunate enough to live in a city, are being educated, and I hope and believe that they will be more efficient and more prosperous than I am. You concede, I think, that it is an honorable ambition on my part thus to work and plan for

the future of my children. Why would you deny to the colored man and woman similar aspirations for their children?"

Rich Man—"But the Negro is fitted only for manual labor."

Poor Man—"You are mistaken. That is a part of the same intolerance that we hear occasionally directed against white laboring men. Our colored friends must find among members of their own race the surgeons and doctors and dentists and preachers and teachers who will serve their needs. And nothing but the insolence of race could inspire the thought that Negroes are fitted only for manual labor. Many of them must do manual labor, but they may only rise when they are educated. The time has come to get rid of narrow prejudice and work to make the Negro more efficient. As he becomes more efficient, not only he will prosper, but all of us."

* * *

On the other hand, the Chattanooga, Tennessee, *Daily Times* has a delicious bit on college education by a seer who boasts the name of Wickes Wamboldt:

A man and his family were seated at a table in a San Francisco hotel. In a spirit of mischief the man addressed his 10-year-old daughter thus, "Mary, please pass me the chloride of sodium."

Before the puzzled child could figure out what to do with the request the Negro waiter, who was standing near, reached over and placed the salt in front of the father. "She doesn't know what you mean, sir," he remarked quietly.

That Negro was a graduate of a university of California, and he was a waiter in a San Francisco hotel. Was he any better waiter for having graduated from a university of California?

No, he was not. He was not as good a waiter. He was dissatisfied. He was resentful. He felt he was occupying a position far below that for which he was equipped. He was not nearly as satisfactory a waiter as were the rest of the waiters in that hotel, who felt that they had climbed to choice positions.

Fundamentally a college education is a good thing. But a college education can be a bad thing. A plan that educates a man for a place beyond his capacities is a plan that makes for discontent.

College education should be had advisedly. It has harmed lots of black boys and lots of white boys, too.

ORGANIZED DECEPTION

L. M. HUSSEY, writing in *The American Mercury* (a magazine, by the way, that you might as well subscribe for right off since every intelligent American must read it) has discovered and set forth a fact that we black folk have known only too well. He declares of the black man:

In sheer self-protection he has made of himself a slick, slippery, deceptive fellow. On the one hand the object of half-affectionate derision, the butt of the immemorial watermelon and pork-chop jokes, the eternal clown, and on the other hand, in darker representations, the ceaseless, potentia menace to every one-hundred-proof virgin south of Mason and Dixon's line, he is no more what he appears to be to the naive Caucasian eye than the girl three rows back in the chorus, exhibiting herself under half an inch of cinnabar, antimony and talc.

In those places where white prejudice bears most oppressively upon him his histrionicism becomes most active and apparent. Thus, the traditional coon is never more coonish than in the South. There, carrying his activities as a mime to their most persuasive pitch, he actually contrives, against the most inimical imaginable social conditions, to gain certain gratuities, considerations and benefits for himself that are seldom vouchsafed his northern brother. There is, indeed, much truth in the common assertion of Southerners that "the nigger is better off in the South". There is much truth in it—provided he is apt in playing his part. But let him, in an ill-advised moment, undertake to lay aside the mask, and the amiable Confederates are at him, as everyone knows, with all the familiar devices of lynch-law.

In spite of his assertions to the contrary, the Southerner knows less about the black man, understands him less, than anyone else on this planet.

* * *

Mr. Hussey's only mistake perhaps is in the proportion of black folk who are "acting". The history of the last twenty years particularly has been the laying aside of the mask by tremendous numbers of American Negroes who even dare today to say openly that they believe in social equality for all human beings.

There are too, in the South, a growing number of white folk who understand. The Southern writer whose pen name is George Madden Martin has recently made a report on the history of the Negro in public school texts to the Kentucky Inter-Racial Conference. She says among other things:

In no textbooks that your committee has examined is the American Negro shown, in a creditable sense, to the pupil, white and colored, as a people, a race group, with a past and authenticated history of their own in Africa. Again, no textbook that we have examined tells the pupil that practically every people in the world have been enslaved by some other people, at some period in their history; no textbook that we have examined explains to the pupil, white and colored, that slavery is a condition imposed, endured, no necessarily merited.

Your committee, in a word, has found no school textbook which, first, presents and

considers the negro as a race group, with the rights and attributes of such a group, and next, as a slave group, contributory to the economic development of America.

Your committee believes that much is due to the American Negro in this particular.

OVERSEAS

C. F. ANDREWS, writing in "Young India", explains the exploitation going on in British East Africa:

Kenya and Kilimanjaro are the two highest mountains in the whole of Africa. The name of Kenya, as is well known, has been given to the colony which surrounds that mountain. The white settlers have reserved to themselves the Kenya Highlands. They are now coveting the Kilimanjaro Highlands as well.

It has been said, by an ancient Indian writer, that greed is limitless. The story, which I am going to tell, is an almost incredible illustration of the truth of that saying. For, not content with possessing exclusively the Kenya Highlands, the white settlers have been looking across the border into Tanganyika. Tanganyika is a 'mandate' under the League of Nations. The Kilimanjaro Highlands are in Tanganyika. Therefore, the attempt is to be made to transfer the Kilimanjaro Highlands from Tanganyika, and place the mandate itself under the control of the white settlers in Kenya, so as to round off the whole area and make it a completely white possession. As this new Highland area is 44,000 square miles and the area in the Kenya "white Highlands" is only 12,000 square miles, it will be seen at once what an object of desire this larger area has become.

The iniquity goes much deeper. For it is not merely land that is coveted, but also a fresh supply of African *labour*, which may be entirely under the white settlers' control. During the 10 years, from 1911 to 1921, a terrible thing happened in Kenya. The native population declined from 3,000,000 to 2,483,000, that is to say, it decreased by 21 per cent. Partly on this account, the white settlers have been continually faced with a shortage of African labour for their plantations. They have, it is true, all kinds of methods for making these African natives come out and serve on their estates. At one time, they had even legislation compelling them to do so. But, with a rapidly declining population, it has been found more and more difficult to keep the rate of wages low, and yet at the same time to get sufficient labour for their excessively large plantations in Kenya itself.

Over 1,000,000 Africans live in Tanganyika, on this new Kilimanjaro area. Behind the whole of the white settlers' deeply laid plot, there is always present the eager desire to reinforce their estate labour from these fresh supplies, and so to keep down the rate of wages to the lowest possible point.

MUSIC

THE *Musical Courier*, speaking of the present tour of Roland Hayes, says:

Gifted with a voice of uncommon natural beauty, he controls it in a manner that approaches perfection. His phrasing is that of a sensitive musician, with an extraordinary command of style and unfailing taste. To these qualities he adds a rare ability to grasp and communicate—with a diction singularly clear—the mood and meaning of text and music. Nor should one omit, in appraising the art of this singer, the modesty and engaging sincerity which have contributed so greatly to his success. Although possessing marked versatility as an interpreter, for the sake of the record let it be said that he is at his best in songs which require the delicacy and finesse of a Clement; and his singing more than once recalled the genius of the little French master . . .. It is late in the day to enlarge on his interpretation of the Negro Spirituals. In his interpretation of these contributions to religious music Mr. Hayes remains unsurpassed. More than one word of praise is due William Lawrence, the tenor's altogether admirable accompanist, who demonstrated anew his fitness to act as co-artist with Mr. Hayes.

* * *

The Toronto, Canada, *Mail* says:

Another baritone that delighted an all-too-small audience was Julius Bledsoe, a Negro said to be from Texas but now a medical student at Columbia. Mr. Bledsoe's voice is one of the most lovely now heard in our concert rooms. It has a broad, inclusive quality like a fine 'cello, though he does not seem as yet to realize its entire capabilities. Added to this he sings with all the fervor of his race and with the trained musicianship of the Caucasian to boot.

* * *

This reminds us of a curious bit of characteristic white propaganda in *Ampico Recordings*, a little trade magazine issued by the Knabe people. Speaking of Verdi's great opera "Aida", the magazine says:

The story, briefly, deals with the love of two women for Radames—Amneris, an Egyptian Princess, and Aida, the daughter *of the nation Radames sets out to conquer.* Radames loves Aida, and urged by her father, who draws a heart-rending picture of the sufferings of her compatriots, she consents to obtain from her lover secret information which will aid in the deliverance of her people.

We have ourselves italicized one line in the above quotation. Why is it necessary to use the circumlocution "of the nation Radames sets out to conquer"? Is it because this nation was black Ethiopia and Aida a black princess? We so suspect.

SEE WHERE IT COMES AGAIN

SAYS the St. Luke *Herald*, a colored weekly of Richmond, Virginia:

Our greatest tenor singer, Roland Hayes, upon his recent conquest and triumphal return from Europe, has been booked to appear at the Richmond Auditorium on Thursday night, October the 16th. That is so well and so good.

But the St. Luke *Herald*, on behalf of many colored people of Richmond and vicinity, with due respect to the Richmond Urban League management, wishes to voice a ringing protest against the wholesale Jim-crowing of the colored patrons to the "Buzzard roost" of the Auditorium. . . . .

If these were "white folks" managing the concert of the greatest Negro artist, what would we colored people think and say if they should send us all to the "Gallery"? Why the colored press of Richmond and the whole country would raise red hell. Whoopee! We would go at them without gloves. The St. Luke *Herald* would be a contemptible slacker if it should wink at this Negro blunder.

THE RISING SOUTH

EX-GOVERNOR M. R. Patterson of Tennessee writes in the Memphis Commercial Appeal and his word is reprinted in the Montgomery *Advertiser:*

The Negro as a race is making progress and it is rather rapid just now.

Judged by the past, it is a little short of wonderful.

In the professions of law and medicine, in teaching, in business, in music, and men in literature, the Negro has proven his capacity and is proving it over again every day.

For one I am glad to see and recognize this.

It will even be a wasteful and short-sighted policy from either a material or moral standpoint to deny education or a chance to develop to an inferior race.

Ignorance and the helplessness that comes from ignorance must ultimately prove a curse to any people or any civilization which has absorbed them.

Only in justice, mind and soul growth, will rewards and the blessings come.

I believe the South is just as rapidly learning this lesson as the Negro is advancing. It is best for both the races that this should be so.

When we get on a little further and the Negro becomes a home owner, cultivating in small farms the lands of the South, which is not only his natural, but sentimental home, we will have a still more solid prosperity.

We have a vast resource of potential wealth at home we have too long overlooked.

It is the Negro. We are not getting northern farmers in any considerable numbers to take up our lands, and the immigration laws have practically cut off the foreigners.

The thing to do is to make use of our own material. Arm the Negro with the weapons of knowledge and scientific education and he will solve our problem of untilled lands in the South.

Good housing, fair treatment and encouragement for the Negro are the best and safest investments we can make for the future.

* * *

Nell Battle Lewis, who has a column in the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*, publishes this bit which we commend to the New York *Times:*

Someone wants to know why I capitalize the word Negro. For the benefit of all pure white Protestant patriots, I gladly explain that I capitalize the word Negro for exactly the same reason I capitalize the word Nordic—because it is the proper name of a race. When I write seriously I write Negro and when I'm joking I write nigger which with me denotes no contempt whatever, but merely informality. I do not write negro or nordic or indian or mongolian.

CHANTEYS

MAUD CUNEY HARE writes of the songs or chanteys of sailors in the *Christian Science Monitor:*

England is said to possess the greatest number of chanteys. However, many so-called English chanteys are American in origin. The kinship between English and American chanteys may be accounted for by the custom of the Anglo-American trading vessels carrying what was called "chequered crews"—one-half white and the other Negro. In this double watch, Shackleton in "Antarctic Days" says that often the men would stop to listen to the Negro crew sing as they added a sort of jig-step to the rhythm of their melodious voices, until the mate stopped them. One of their favorite songs was "What Did the Blackbird Sing?"

What did the blackbird sing to the Crow?
Mah'nd how you swing yo' tail,
If we don't get sunshine, we're sure to get snow
Mah'nd how you swing yo' tail,
Hilo . . . Hilo.

Mr. Stanton King says that in his youth, on a voyage from Philadelphia to Japan and back to New York when there was need of a song leader, the Negro stewardess, wife of the Negro cook on the vessel, came out of the galley and led the men in the chantey singing.

Negro chanteys were sung by the crews of the West Indian vessels that loaded and unloaded at the wharves in Baltimore. Many of the old songs are those of the longshoremen who were employed on the wharves in southern ports to stow cotton in the holds of the ships. The custom still prevails of employing large gangs of both American and West Indian Negroes in the ports of Galveston and New Orleans.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

Hampton Institute

Hampton, Virginia

Hampton is an industrial village: 1,000 acres, 149 buildings; 928 boarding students, including 197 college students; 330 day pupils in practice-school; 1,017 summer-school students; 250 teachers and other workers.

Hampton has over 2,622 graduates and more than 8,800 former students; also numerous outgrowths, including Tuskegee, founded by Booker T. Washington.

Hampton's Collegiate Division: (1) The Teachers College offers two- and four-year courses leading to diplomas and the Bachelor of Science degree and aims to train teachers of agriculture, home economics and high-school academic subjects. The summer session aims to help teachers in service. (2) The School of Business offers two two-year courses—General Business and Secretarial. (3) The Trade School offers a two-year course leading to a diploma and a four-year contractors' and builders' course leading to the Bachelor of Science degree.

JAMES E. GREGG, Principal — FRANK K. ROGERS, Treasurer

The Durham State Normal School

formerly

The National Training School

Durham, N. C.

A standardized Normal School offering courses as follows:

Four year High School, Department of Commerce and Finance, Department of Music, Department of Home Economics, Department of Normal Training (Graded as a Junior College).

The DURHAM STATE NORMAL SCHOOL offers exceptional advantages to ambitious young men and women to fit themselves for life's duties. High School graduates who finish the Normal Course will be granted State Primary or Grammar Grade Certificate.

For further information, address

James E. Shepard, Principal,
Durham, N. C.

Morgan College and Branches

JOHN O. SPENCER, President

SUMMER SCHOOL:—July 5-August 14, 1925.
COLLEGE:—John W. Haywood, A.M., B.T.D., Dean.
LOCATION:—College town between North and South.
COURSES:—Four years on Credit System; Degrees. Pre-Medical; Advanced Education, Certificates for high school teaching.
FACULTY:—University trained specialists.
SITE:—Eighty-five acres, beautiful scenery, stream, hill, forest, athletic fields. Fraternity house.
DORMITORIES:—Equipped and supervised. Can care for 100 boarders and 100 day students.
ACADEMY:—(On the grounds) Edmund B. Trotman, A.B., Principal.
COURSES:—College Preparatory and general.
INFORMATION:—Address Edward N. Wilson, Registrar, Morgan College, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCESS ANNE ACADEMY
JUNIOR COLLEGE GRADE
(Eastern Branch of University of Maryland)

COURSES:—Preparatory, Normal, Agricultural, Industrial, Domestic, Music.
INFORMATION:—Address the Principal, Thomas H. Kiah, Ped.D., Princess Anne, Md.
DORMITORIES OPEN:—September 19, 1925.
ALL SCHOOLS OPEN:—Sept. 21, 1925.

State Agricultural and Mechanical Institute

Normal, Alabama

Founded by Dr. William H. Councill

Situated among the oaks and cedars of the Alleghanies. An ideal school site. High School, College, Agriculture, Home Economics, Trades, Nursing, Commercial and Music courses. No tuition. Moderate board.

Fiftieth session began Thursday, September 25, 1924.

T. R. PARKER, President

The Agricultural and Technical College

NORTH CAROLINA'S GREATEST OFFER TO ITS NEGRO YOUTH

Strong practical courses in Agriculture, Trades and Industries. Modern equipment, well furnished buildings. Strong Faculty and a splendid Student Body. Graduates in great demand. Write for Catalog.

Address

JAMES B. DUDLEY, President.
Greensboro, N. C.

Virginia Theological Seminary and College

LYNCHBURG, VA.

College, Academy, Normal and Seminary Courses. Well equipped laboratories. Strong, experienced faculty. Courses modern and thorough. Rates reasonable.

For information address
ROBERT C. WOODS, President.